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The Popular melodist

London

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THE

POPULAR MELODIST.

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LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE POPULAR MELODIST.

ON A POET WHO WAS STARVED TO DEATH.

SUCH lot was thine—pale sorrow mark'd
Thy short and dismal day;
Just as a poet should, hast thou
Dried up and pass'd away.

E'en at thy cradle's side the muse
Gave token of thy fate;
To naught but song thy infant mouth
She then did consecrate.

Thy tender mother early died;
There, too, we read thy doom,
And felt that ne'er from earthly breast
For thee should fortune bloom.

The world's o'erflowing cup of joy
'Twas not for thee to sip;
The sparkling rim might glad thine eye,
But never touch thy lip!

The smile of spring was left to thee;
Her blossoms wove thy dream;
But others stripp'd the bending tree,
And drank the purple stream.

Full often, on the festive day,
Cold water thou hast pour'd,
When with thy songs the sons of wealth
Have spic'd their groaning board.

E'en here below we look'd on thee
As scarce with flesh endu'd;
And now thou hast gone home again,
To eat embrosial food.

Farewell! we carry to the grave
What seems a corpse to be!
Thy step was light upon the earth—
May earth rest light on thee!

BOBBIN' AROUND.

IN August last, on one fine day,
Bobbin' around, around, around,
When Josh and I went to make hay,
We went bobbin' around.

Says Josh to me, 'Let's take a walk,
Bobbin' around;
Then we can have a private talk,
As we go bobbin' around.'

We walked along to the mountain ridge,
Bobbin' around,
Till we got near 'Squire Slipshod's bridge,
As we went bobbin' around.

I look'd at Josh—Josh look'd at me,
Bobbin' around;
And I kiss'd Josh and Josh kiss'd me,
As we went bobbin' around.

Then Josh and me a long time tarried,
Bobbin' around;
Says he, 'Dear Patience, let's get married,
Then we'll go bobbin' around.'

Now I knew he lov'd another gal,
Bobbin' around;
They call her long-legg'd, crook'd-shin, curly-tooth'd Sal,
Where we went bobbin' around.

So, after we got into church,
Bobbin' around,
I cut, and left him in the lurch;
Then we went bobbin' around.

Now all you chaps what's got a gal,
Bobbin' around,
Do think of long-legg'd, crook'd-shin,
curly-tooth'd Sal,
When you go bobbin' around.

MY MARY ANNE.

FARE you well my own Mary Anne!
Fare you well for a while;
For the ship it is ready,
And the wind it is fair,
Fare you well, &c.

I am bound for the sea, Mary Anne,
And I am bound for the sea, Mary Anne.
Fare you well my own Mary Anne!
Fare you well for a while;
Fare you well, &c.

Don't you see that turtle-dove,
A sitting on yonder pile,
Lamenting the loss of his own true love—
And so am I for mine, Mary Anne.
Fare you well, &c.

A lobster in a lobster-pot,
A blue fish wriggling on a hook,
May suffer some, but oh! no not
What I do feel for my Mary Anne.
Fare you well, &c.

The pride of all the produce rare,
That in our kitching-garden grow'd,
Was pumpkins—but they couldn't compare,
In angel form, with my Mary Ann.
Fare you well, &c.

The calf, when in it's nussin' days,
Is gentle, innocent, and mild;
But oh! that tender crittur's ways
Ain't nothin' by the side of my Mary Anne's.
Fare you well, &c.

I seen a half-fledged carri'n crow
Get shot right into his mother's sight;—
But even that aged bird didn't know
The loss I mourn in my Mary Anne.
Fare you well, &c.

I heern the experienced parent-bird
Caw—'Don't go there! oh, don't go there!'
And now that mother's breast is stirr'd
E'en a'most as much as mine for my Mary Anne.
Fare thee well, &c.

Mortals is at best but weak;
The longest winded has to die;
But if I ain't spilin' I wouldn't speak,
And all for love of my Mary Anne.
Fare you well, &c.

The needle points up to the pole,
The pole points to the shy;
But pole nor needle points as true
As my love points to my Mary Anne.
Fare you well, &c.

The cuckoo is a loving bird,
More loving than the dove;
But the cuckoo nor the dove feel not
What I do feel for my Mary Anne.
Fare you well, &c.

UNCLE TOM'S LAMENT FOR THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

THOUGH from five hundred miles, or nearly,
Borne far away,
Dere's a little spot dat I love dearly,
Down where the old folks stay.
Men in cruel chains may bind me,
Fancy will roam,
When tinking ob dose left behind me,
Down wid de old folks at home.
All to me am sad and gloomy,—
Eb'ryting does come,
And bring de good old times unto me,
Spent wid de old folks at home.

Den I dream ob de old farm yonder,
Where, when a child,
Round de fields I us'd to wander,
Down where the fruits grew wild.
Oh! how I lub'd dat old plantation!
Lub'd eb'ry tree—
Now nothing in de whole creation
Brings such a joy to me.
All to me, &c.

Time, dat will for no man tarry,
Quickly had flown;
And at last I came to marry,—
Had children ob my own.
Oh! what kind words den were spoken,
Here neber known!
I feel my heart is nearly broken,
Now I am left alone.
All to me, &c.

So I sit and watch de ember—
Fire dies away,
And feel my heart is like December,
Which once was blithe and gay.
When shall I hear my children's prattle,
When see dere mudder come;
Oh! a slave dey only call a chattel,
And such is Uncle Tom!
But, whilst all looks dark and gloomy,
Dreams seem to come,
And bring de good old times unto me,
Pass'd wid de old folks at home.

HAMLET.

A HERO's life I sing,
His history shall my pen mark:
He was not the king,
But Hamlet prince of Denmark:
His mama was young,
The crown she had her eyes on,
Her husband stopp'd her tongue,
She stopp'd his ears with poison.
Tooral looral lay, &c.

When she had kill'd the king,
She ogl'd much his brother,
And, having slain one spouse,
She quickly got another;
And this so soon did she,
And was so great a sinner,
The funeral-bak'd meats
Serv'd for the wedding-dinner.
Tooral looral lay, &c.

Now Hamlet sweet, her son,
No bully nor bravado,
Of love felt hot the flame,
And so went to Bernado.
'O! sir,' says one, 'we've seen
A sight with monstrous sad eye;'
And this was nothing but—
The ghost of Hamlet's daddy.'
Tooral looral lay, &c.

Just at that time it rose,
And sighing, said, 'List! Hammy,—
Your mother is the snake
That poison'd me; or d—me.
And now I'm gone below,
All over sulph'rous flame boy;—
That your dad should be on fire,
You'll own's a burning shame, boy.'
Tooral looral lay, &c.

Just at the time he spoke,
The morn was breaking through dell;
Up jump'd a cock, and cried,—
'Cock-o-doodle doodle:'
'I'm now cock-sure of going;
Preserve you from all evil;
You to your mother walk,
And I'll walk to the d——l.'
Tooral looral lay, &c.

Hamlet lov'd a maid—
Calumny had pass'd her—
She never had play'd tricks,
'Cause nobody had ask'd her;
Madness seiz'd her wits,
Poor Lord Chamb'rlain's daughter,—
She jump'd into a pond,
And went to heaven by water.
Tooral looral lay, &c.

No matter now for that;—
A play they made, and shamm'd it;

The audience Claudius was,
And he got up and d—d it.
He vow'd he'd see no more,
He felt a wond'rous dizziness,
And then for candles call'd,
To make light of the bus'ness.
Tooral looral lay, &c.

A fencing-match had they;
The queen drinks as they try, too
Says she, 'O king, I'm kill'd.'
Says Laertes, 'So am I too.'
'And so am I,' cries Ham;
'What, can all these things true be?'
'What, are you dead?' says the king.
'Yes, sir, and so shall you be.'
Tooral looral lay, &c.

So then he stabb'd his liege,
Then fell on Ophy's brother,
And so the Danish court
All tumbl'd one on t'other.
To celebrate these deeds,
Which are from no false shamlet,
Ev'ry village small
Henceforth was call'd a Hamlet.
Tooral looral lay, &c.

DUMBLE DUM DEARY.

LAST new year's morn, as I've heard say,
Richard he mounted his Dobbin gray,
And away he rode from Taunton Dean,
To court the Parson's daughter Jane;—
Singing dumble dum deary.

Then Dick put on his Sunday clothes,
His buckskin breeches, Sunday hose,
Besides a new hat upon his head,
Which was bedeck'd wi' ribbons red.
Dumble dum, &c.

Then on he rode wi' out dread or fear,
Till he came to the house of his sweet dear,
Where he knock'd and shouted and bellow'd hallo!
'Be the folks at home? say yes or no!'
Dumble dum, &c.

A servant quickly let Dick in,
That his courtship might begin;
And now he strutted up and down the hall,
And loudly for Miss Jane did call.
Dumble dum, &c.

Miss Jane came down without delay,
To hear what Richard had got to say:
'I do suppose, my dear Miss Jane,
You knows I be Richard o' Taunton Dean?
Dumble dum, &c.

'I'm an honest lad, though I be poor;
I never was in love before;
My mother has sent me here to woo,
And I can fancy none but you.'
Dumble dum, &c.

'Well, if I consent to be your bride,
Pray, how will you for me provide?'
'I'll give thee all I yarns, I'm sure,
And what can a husband, pray, do more?
Dumble dum, &c.

'O! I can reap, and I can sow,
And I can plough, and I can mow;
And I goes to the market to sell feyther's hay,
And I yarns my ninepence every day.'
Dumble dum, &c.

'O! ninepence a-day will never do,
For I must have silks, and satins too:
Ninepence a-day! it would'nt buy meat!'
'Adzooks!' cried Dick, 'get a sack o' wheat!'
Dumble dum, &c.

'Besides, I've a pig pok'd in a sty,
Which comes to me when Granny does die!
And, if you'll consent to marry me now,
I'll feed you as fat as my feyther's old sow!'
Dumble dum, &c.

Dick's compliments were so polite,
That all the company laugh'd outright;
And, when he had gotten no more to say,
He mounted old Dobbin, and gallop'd away,
Dumble dum, &c.

COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.

COME listen, neighbours all, for I wish you to remember,
What happen'd to three cockneys on the first of last September;
If qualifi'd to shoot, you may then go tell your grandam;—
I had it piping hot from a cockney's memorandum.
Fol lol de iddy, &c.

Friday, first September, at Blackfriars met like shrewd cocks;
From the Mills to Webber Row beat about for snipes and woodcocks;
Took aim at seven sparrows, that were flying off to shirk us,
And hit a sandsman's donkey, that was trotting by the Circus,
Fol lol de iddy, &c.

In a ditch at Brixton Causeway, heard a queerish kind of chuckle
Beating a bramble-bush for snipes, hit a gipsy on the knuckle;
Took aim at something on the wing, who wish'd it had been safer,—
We though it a cock pheasant—but we found it a cock chafer.
Fol lol de iddy, &c.

At Stockwell met some boar pigs, tried a bait to trap 'em;
Pigs squeak'd, and ran away, met with better sport at Clapham;
For opposite the seminary Wiggins keeps his daughter at,
Shot what we thought to be a hare, but it proved to be a water rat.
Fol lol de iddy, &c.

Lock rusty—rubb'd it clean with a little bit of flannel,
Miss'd a drove of Norfolk turkeys, but contriv'd to hit a spaniel;
At Wandsworth broke a ramrod, got it mended by a farrier,
And lodged a random shot in the left leg of a terrier.
Fol lol de iddy, &c.

Took snack at Balham Hill—then took again to shooting,
Let fly at all we met till we came to Lower Tooting:
All three took aim to kill a cat, that on a shed was lying,
But hit a paper kite, that a little boy was flying.
Fol lol de iddy, &c.

Tried to shut left eye, but couldn't do't for winking,
Let fly at a chaffinch, that on a cart was thinking;
The shot it rattled round the leather apron of the carter,
Who frightened us, by roaring 'Holo! what the devil are you after?'
Fol lol de iddy, &c.

Met a lad with a bag of game—bid five shillings for 'em—got 'em;
Brought them safe to London bridge, and meant to swear we'd shot 'em;
But when the bag was opened, what d'ye think was within it?
A horse's hoof, a crow, a pole-cat, and a linnet.
Fol lol de iddy, &c.

At night went up to sup with the club at Billy Beazant's,
And told 'em lots of lies 'bout bagging lots of pheasants;
So it is no fault of mine, if they do not well remember
What happen'd to three cockneys on the first of last September.
Fol lol de iddy, &c.

GILES SCROGGINS.

GILES SCROGGINS courted Molly Brown,
Fol lol, &c.
The fairest wench in all the town,
Fol lol, &c.
She bought a ring with posy true:
Fol lol, &c.
'If you loves me as I loves you,
No knife shall cut our loves a two!'
Fol lol, &c.

But scissors cut as well as knives,
Fol lol, &c.
And quite uncertain is our lives;
Fol lol, &c.
The day they were to have been wed,
Fate a scissors cut poor Giles's thread;
So they could not be married.
Fol lol, &c.

Poor Mary laid her down to weep,
Fol lol, &c.
And cried herself quite fast asleep;
Fol lol, &c.
When standing all by the bed-post,
A figure tall her sight engross'd;
And it cried, 'I be Scroggins' ghost.'
Fol lol, &c.

The ghost it said all solemnly,
Fol lol, &c.
'O Molly you must go with I;
Fol lol, &c.
All to the grave your love to cool.'
Says she, 'I am not dead, you fool!'
Says the ghost, says he, 'Vy, that's no rule.'
Fol lol, &c.

The ghost he seiz'd her all so grim,
Fol lol, &c.
All for to go along with him.
Fol lol, &c.
'Come, come,' said he, 'ere morning beam.'
'I von't,' she cried, and guv'd a scream:
Then she woke, and found she'd dream'd a dream
All about, Fol lol de riddle, lol de ra.

YOUNG ROBIN RUFF, AND HIS THOUSAND A-YEAR.

HAVE you heard the strange news just come down, Gaffer Green,
That they're talking of now far and near?
How young Robin Ruff has his wish sure enough,
And he's now got a thousand a-year, Gaffer Green!
He's now got a thousand a-year!

Young Rob's a good heart, and I'm glad Master Cross,
Oh, it will not spoil him, never fear!
In the face of the poor he will not shut his door,
Though he has got a thousand a-year, Master Cross!
Though he has got a thousand a-year!

But 'twould be but the way of the world, Gaffer Green,
If he did not see *now* quite so clear;
They say *yellow* mists rise, and soon dim a man's eyes,
When he once gets a thousand a-year, Gaffer Green!
When he once gets a thousand a-year!

Robin's eyes were not dim t'other day, Master Cross,
When his poor old friend Harry was here;
Robin soon cured his pain, and made sunshine again,
With a touch of his thousand a-year, Master Cross!
With a touch of his thousand a-year!

Ah, but Rob must take care, must take care, Gaffer Green,
Or he'll spend all his new-gotten gear;
How much better 'twould be—he may want it you see—
If he saved all his thousand a-year, Gaffer Green!
If he saved all his thousand a-year

If he spends the last pound that he's got, Master Cross,
He'll be richer than some folk, I fear;
For a heart such as Rob's, though 'neath tatters it throbs,
Is worth ten times a thousand a-year, Master Cross!
Is worth ten times a thousand a-year!

THE BEAUTIFUL THAMES.

THE Thames, the Thames, the beautiful Thames!
What river can equal the beautiful Thames!
On a bright summer's day, in splendid array,
On its silvery bosom, all gallant and gay,
Appear the light wherry, the trim sailing-boat,
With steamers majestic, as onward they float,
On the Thames, the Thames, &c.

Some may talk of the Rhone, the Rhine, or the Saone,
Or the waters so vast the Americas own;
But give me the Thames, with its lovely green banks,
Who can doubt but as foremost of rivers it ranks!
The Thames, the Thames, &c.

When the seasons invite, what matchless delight
A voyage 'bove Richmond presents to the sight,
As rowing or sailing along the fair stream,
The beauties of nature transcendantly beam,
On the Thames, the Thames, &c.

If below bridge we glide, on a full swelling tide,
Of old England we witness, with grandeur and pride,
Noble vessels and docks—all countries' amaze—
As on forests of shipping with rapture we gaze,
On the Thames, the Thames, &c.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS!

YOUNG ladies all, as true as fate,
Ere wed, your heart will break,
If from the bread-and butter plate
The last bit you should take!
And pray don't throw a chance away,
Nor, like Miss Tomkins halt;
She's single to this very day,
Because—she spilt the salt!

CHORUS.

Young ladies all, heed what I say,
These things I'll prove, you'll see;
Tho' laugh you may, you'll find, some day,
They're true as truth can be!

Twelve months at least, I'm sure 'twill be
Before you change your name,
If, when you wish to snuff the light,
By chance put out the flame;
No doubt, it makes you quite perplex'd
Encountering such woes,
Just now—I knew you would be vex'd—
I saw you scratch your nose!

Pray, do you ever fall up-stairs?
If so, 'twill joy betide;
My goodness me! you soon will be,
Aye very soon, a bride!
But mind, I say, you'll wish in vain
For husbands, rings, or wives;
They all be driven from your brain
If you should cross two knives!

With dreadful signs last night was fraught,
(It frighten'd my poor sire,)
A winding sheet—Oh, horrid thought!
And a coffin from the fire!

A letter in the candle shone,
I started, and bless'd my stars;
And now I recollect there was
A stranger on the bars!

To turn your money, always seek
The new moon; but, alas!
If you'd unlucky fate escape,
Don't look at it through glass!
Good news you'll get, if you should put
One stocking wrong side on;
You may depend this is a fact,
So says my cousin John.

Ross lost his ships, and all because,
Consulting wind and tide, he
(Oh, short of sight!) thought all was right,
And started—on a Friday!
The sad disasters of his crew,
Might all have been averted,
If on their track, some friend, alack,
An old shoe had but flirted!

Don't laugh, I pray—Miss Dobbs, one day,
Turn'd up her nose—(I had her!)
She, clever lass, thought fit to pass
Beneath a bricklayer's ladder!
I told her how unlucky 'twas—
In a minute's time, or shorter,
Convinced was she—good gracious me!
By a precious lump of mortar!

Young ladies all, I wish you well,
In country and in town,
Though I these little follies show,
You musn't on me frown:
With novels never fill your heads,
Or any false traditions,
And if you'd lead a happy life,
Then laugh at superstitions!

THE THREE AGES OF LOVE.

Oh, the early time of love,
When my fancy used to rove,
From the black eyes to the blue,
from the tiny to the tall;
When as many girls were dear,
As the days that fill the year,
And the newest and the youngest
was the fairest of them all:
When I lived but in her sight,
And I laid awake all night,
Ere I met her in the greenwood, on
a dewy morn of May;
And a treasure passing rare,
Was a stolen tress of hair—
Oh, merry days of youth, 'twas a sin
ye could not stay!

Oh, the manly time of love!
Though the face for which I strove
From its cheeks hath lost a rose,
from its eyes one shade of blue;
Though I see a furrow now,
On its mild and matron brow,
The years that dimmed its beauty
have made it dearer too;
And my heart it swells with pride,
To see her by my side,
Or to hear her singing tenderly some
old and simple lay;
When the fire is burning bright
On a stormy winter night—
Oh, days of home delight, ye should
never pass away!

But age comes creeping near,
With his forehead bleak and sear,
And his heavy, heavy ear, and his
voice so small and shrill;
When my step must totter slow,
And my strength must dwindle low,
Till a baby with its little hand can
lead me where it will:
But though manhood's prime be past,
So long as life shall last,
Still her gentle voice shall cheer me,
still her faithful arms sustain;
And our love shall even brave
The parting of the grave;
For I know there's bliss beyond, and
we shall meet again.

MY POOR DOG TRAY.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Shelah was nigh,
No blythe Irish lad was so happy as I,
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Shelah to part,
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)
Oh, remember your Shelah when far, far away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray!

Poor dog he was faithful and kind to be sure;
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day,
And I played a lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go?—poor, forsaken, and blind—
Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can ne'er more return with my poor dog Tray.

THE TEETOTALIST.

John Jones was a farmer, and highly respectable,
Always in spirits, and never dejectable;
One of those men who would never annoy himself,
But over his brandy-and-water enjoy himself;
Ever found sober, disliking a dizziness,
Rising each morning with a clear head for business;
He honoured his Queen, as he loved to be national,
And lived like a being disposed to be rational.

John Jones had a wife who was pleasant in feature,
A nice little woman, a good-hearted creature;
She'd good worldly wisdom, could shrewdly defeat a plan,
In short, just the woman who knew how to treat a man.
Children they had, too, all grown up and dutiful,
Boys looking healthy, and girls looking beautiful;
Not a brow was there o'erclouded by sappiness,
But their fireside was the picture of happiness.

Thus John loved his home, nor did his spirits sink at all,
Till some one told John 'twas a sin for to drink at all;
And though he never broke through the rules of sobriety,
Got him to join a Teetotal Society.

John, from his feelings, would fain have evaded him,
But the sanctified phiz of the fellow persuaded him;
His wife 'gan to check him, but quick he did thwart her,
And vow'd from that time he'd drink nothing but water!
If John met a friend he always took tea with him,
Though he felt at the same time it did'nt agree with him;
All grog he forsakes now, good home-brew'd too, he leaves,
To go home and smoke his pipe over his tea-leaves.
His wife saw with sorrow the change that took place in him,
Until she at length could no cheerfulness trace in him:
He got dull and mopish, drank slops to satiety,
Which made the dame curse the Teetotal Society.
The winter came on—his great coat he look'd thin in it,
He still swallow'd water without any gin in it;
The consequence was, though not given to larketing,
He died one cold night after coming from marketing,
The wife broken-hearted, to find thus her joys end,
Call'd in the doctors, declared he'd been poison'd,
His body they open'd, and found, besides blow-galls,
His inside was stuffed full of tea-leaves and snow-balls!

My moral is plain—had John lived and enjoy'd himself,
He'd ne'er like a fool or a madman destroy'd himself;
This proves then his folly—from nature he caught a rub,
Through changing his stomach clean into a water-tub.

Since good liquor, doubtless, was sent for our uses,
To gladden our hearts, while we shun its abuses,
May each Teetotalist freeze until ice he's a lump of,
For the man that drinks water, I'd have made a pump of!

THE GALLANT HENGLIS ART.

THERE's one whose fearless courage yet has never fail'd in fight,
Who guards with zeal our country's weal, our freedom, and our right;
But though his strong and ready arm spreads havoc in its blow,
Cry "Quarter!" and that arm will be the first to spare its foe.
He recks not though proud glory's shout may be the knell of death,
The triumph won, without a sigh he yields his parting breath;
He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast—"In peace, my boys, or war,
Here's to the brave upon the wave—the gallant English tar!"

Let but the sons of want come nigh, and tell their tale to him,
He'll chide their eyes for weeping while his own are growing dim;
"Cheer up," he cries, "we all must meet the storm as well as calm,"
But, turning on his heel, Jack slips the guineas in their palm.
He'll hear no long oration, but tell you ev'ry man
Is born to act a brother's part, and do what good he can.
He's Britain's boast, &c.

The dark blue jacket that enfolds the sailor's manly breast,
Bears more of real honour than the star and ermine vest;
The tithe of folly in his head, may wake the landsman's mirth,
But nature proudly owns him as her child of sterling worth.

Fill up, fill up a bumper cup, we pledge the bold and free,
Most frank and true among life's crew—the monarch of the sea!
He's Britain's boast, &c.

FREEMASON'S LODGE.

BEHOLD in a lodge we dear brethren are met,
And in proper order together are set;
Our secrets to none but ourselves shall be known,
Our actions to none but Freemasons be shown.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Let brotherly love be among us revived,
Let's stand by our laws that are wisely contrived;
And then all the glorious creation shall see
That none are so loving, so friendly as we.
Derry down, &c.

The Temple and ev'ry magnificent pile,
Each building now standing within our own isle,
With wisdom contrived, with beauty refined,
With strength to support, and the building to bind.
Derry down, &c.

These noble, grand structures will always proclaim,
What honour is due to a Freemason's name;
Ev'n ages to come, when our work they do see,
Will strive with each other like us to be free.
Derry down, &c.

What though some of late by their spleen plainly show
They fain would deride what they gladly would know;
Let every true brother these vermin despise,
And the ancient Grand Secret keep back from their eyes.
Derry down, &c.

Then, brethren, let us all put our hand to our heart,
And resolve from true Masonry ne'er to depart:
And when the last trumpet on earth shall descend,
Our lodge will be closed and our secrets shall end.
Derry down, &c.

THE KING AND THE WEST COUNTRYMAN.

THERE was a droll chap in the West Country;
A flaw in his lease the lawyers had found,—
'Twas all about felling an old oak tree,
And building a house upon his own ground.
Ri tu ra, &c.

Now this droll chap to Lunnun would go,
To tell the King a part of his woe;
Likewise to tell 'un a part of his grief,
In hopes that the King would give him relief.
Ri tu ra, &c.

Now when this droll chap to Lunnun had come,
He found that the King to Windsor had gone;
But if he'd a-known he'd not been at home,
He dang'd his buttons, if e'er he'd come.
Ri tu ra, &c.

Now when this droll chap to Windsor did stump,
The gates, they were barr'd, and all was secure;

But he knock'd and thump'd with his oaken clump,
And said, 'There's room for I, to be sure.'
Ri tu ra, &c.

'Now pray, Mr. Noble, show I to the King.—
Is that, sir, the King that I do see there?
I see'd a fine chap at Bartl'my fair,
More like a king than that chap there.
Ri tu ra, &c.

'Well, Mr. King, pray how d'ye do?
I gotten for you a bit of a job;
Which if you'll be so kind as to do,
I gotten a summut for you in my fob.'
Ri tu ra, &c.

The King took the farmer's lease in hand;
To sign it, too, he likewise was willing;
The clown, for to make him a little amends,
Soon lugg'd out his bag, and gave him a shilling.
Ri tu ra, &c.

The merry good King, to heighten the joke,
Requested ten pounds for to be paid down;
The farmer he star'd, but nothing spoke,
Stood grinning and scratching his crown.
Ri tu ra, &c.

The farmer he stared most awkward and funny;
To take the ten pounds he was not unwilling,
And said, 'Had I known thee hadst so much money,
Dang my wig, Mr. King, if I'd gi'en thee the shilling!'
Ri tu ra, &c.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair;
Shall my cheek look pale with care,
Because another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love;
Or, her well deservings known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she meeker, kinder than
The turtle dove, or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be.

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn and let her go;
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.

WE have lived and loved together,
Through many changing years,—
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.
I have never known a sorrow,
That was long unsooth'd by thee,—
For thy smile can make a summer,
Where darkness else would be.
For thy smile, &c.

Like the leaves that fall around us,
In autumn's fading hours,
Are the traitor smiles that darken,
When the cloud of sorrow lowers.
And though many such we've known love,
Too prone, alas! to range,

We both can speak of one, love,
Whom time could never change.
We both can speak, &c.

We have lived and loved together,
Through many changing years,—
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.
And let us hope the future,
As the past hath been, shall be;
I will share with thee thy sorrows,
And thou thy joys with me.
I will share, &c.

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

How gallantly, how merrily we ride along the sea!
The morning is all sunshine, the wind is blowing free;
The billows are all sparkling, and bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins the blood is running bright.
All nature knows our triumph, strange birds about us sweep,
Strange things come up to look at us —the masters of the deep!
In our wake, like any servant, follows even the bold shark—
Oh, proud must be our admiral of such a bonny bark!

Oh, proud must be our admiral though he is pale to-day)
Of twice five hundred iron men who all his nod obey!
Who've fought for him and conquer'd, who've won, with sweat and gore,
Nobility, which he shall have whene'er he touch the shore!
Oh, would I were an admiral, to order with a word—
To lose a dozen drops of blood, and straight rise up a lord!
I'd shout to yon bold shark there, which follows in our lee,
"Some day I'll make thee carry me like lightning through the sea!"

Our admiral grew paler, and paler, as we flew,
Still talk'd to the officers, and smiled upon the crew;
And he look'd up at the heavens, and he look'd down on the sea,
And at last he saw the creature that was following in our lee!
He shook—'twas but an instant: for speedily the pride
Ran crimson to his heart, till all chances he defied;
It threw boldness on his forehead, gave firmness to his breath,
And he look'd like some grim warrior new risen up from death!

That night a horrid whisper fell on us where we lay—
And we knew our fine old admiral was changing into clay;
And we heard the wash of waters—though nothing could we see—
A whistle and a plunge among the billows on our lee!
Till dawn we watch'd the body in its dead and ghastly sleep,
And next evening at sunset, it was slung into the deep;
And never from that moment, save one shudder through the sea,
Saw we or heard the creature that follow'd in our lee!

THE ANCHORSMITHS.

LIKE Ætna's dread volcano, see the ample forge
Large heaps upon large heaps of jetty fuel gorge;
While salamander like, the pon'drous anchor lies,
Glutted with vivid fire, through all its pores that flies.
The dingy anchorsmiths, to renovate their strength,
Stretch'd out in death-like sleep, lie snoring at their length,

Waiting the master's signal, when the tackle's force
Shall, like split rocks, the anchor from the forge divorce,
While, as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil bang,
In deaf'ning concert shall their pond'rous hammers clang,
And into symmetry the mass incongrous beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

Now, as more vivid and intense each splinter flies,
The temper of the fire the skilful master tries;
And as the dingy hue assumes a brilliant red,
The heated anchor feeds the fire on which it fed.
The huge sledge-hammers round in order they arrange,
And waking anchorsmiths await the look'd for change,—
Longing with all their force the ardent mass to smite,
When issuing from the fire array'd in dazzling white.
And, as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil bang
To make in concert rude their pond'rous hammers clang,
The rude, mis-shapen lump to symmetry they beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

The preparations thicken: with forks the fire they goad—
And now twelve anchorsmiths the heaving bellows load,
While arm'd from every danger, and in grim array,
Anxious as howling demons waiting for their prey.
The forge the anchor yields from out its fiery maw,
Which on the anvil prone, the cavern shouts "Hurrah!"
And now the scorch'd beholders want the power to gaze,
Faint with its heat, and dazzled with its powerful rays.
While, as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil bang,
To forge Jove's thunderbolts, their pond'rous hammers clang;
And till its fire's extinct, the monstrous mass they beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

FOLLOW, FOLLOW, OVER MOUNTAIN.

FOLLOW, follow over mountain,
Follow, follow over sea,
And I'll guide thee to love's fountain,
If you'll follow, follow me.
Follow, follow me, &c.

With the waters of the fountain,
Will I ease thy aching heart,
And the roses of the mountain
Shall to thee a balm impart.
Follow, follow, &c.

For woman's love is dearly bought,
If bought with peace of mind;
But taste the fount, and not a thought
Of love is left behind.
Follow, follow, &c.

I'll fan thee with the zephyr's wing,
And watch thee night and day,
I'll guide thee to love's healing spring—
So follow and away.
Follow, follow, follow, follow, and away,
Follow, follow, and away.

I HAVE COME FROM A HAPPY LAND.

I HAVE come from a happy land,
Where care is unknown?
I have parted a merry band,
To make thee my own.

Haste! haste! fly with me
Where Love's banquet waits for thee;
Thine its sweets shall be
Thine, thine, alone.

The summer has its heavy cloud,
The rose leaf will fall,
But in our home joy wears no shroud,—
Never does it pall.
Each new morning ray,
Wakes no sigh for yesterday;
No smile passed away
Would we recall.

Then hence to that happy land,
Where care is unknown;
And first in a merry band
I'll make thee mine own.
Haste! haste! fly with me,
For Love's banquet waits for thee;
Thine its sweets shall be,
Thine—thine alone.

THE MONKEY AND NUTS.

A MONKEY, being fond of nuts,
Thought he would have some roasted;
But how was he to get them done?
Not liking to be toasted.
A poor young cat was passing by,
And innocently watches;
The wicked monkey saw her stop,
And at his victim snatches.

"Dear Pussy, you are just the one
That I've been looking out for;
How beautiful you look to day!
But tell me what you pout for.
Upon my word, I long have had
For you a fond affection;
Now you shall stay and dine with me,
Or take some slight refection."

'Twas no use for poor Puss to speak,
Or offer to deny him,
The monkey had her in his grasp,
And she could not defy him.
So he began to laugh and chat,
And show a few grimaces;
Oh, if you had but seen, like I,
The contrast in their faces!

He put some nuts into her paw,
And he the fire approaches,
As if a salamander she,
Or made of young cock-roaches.
The poor cat now began to squall,
Her face the fire attacking,
And sadly, too, her paw was burnt,
The while the nuts were cracking.

The monkey having feasted well,
Began to snarl and grumble,
That he should be so taken in
With nuts he scarce could mumble.
"Dear me," said he, "how they are burnt;"
And at poor Pussy looking,
"I cannot think how I could bear
Such miserable cooking.

"And what a fuss you make about
A little bit of warming;
I've often done the thing myself—
There's nothing so alarming.
Now take this for your pains," he said,
"And next time be less squalling;"
Then gave the cat a hearty cuff,
Which sent the poor thing sprawling.

"Now let me give you this advice
(For I am one of letters),
Leave off that rude obstrep'rous way,
When you are with your betters;
And think yourself well off," he said,
"That I had mercy on you;
For many would have sent you home
With not a dress upon you."

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